

Contents

[Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader, I come from St. Lucia. A place so...](#)



Dear *Permission to be Powerful* Reader,

I come from St. Lucia.

A place so beautiful it looks like a dream. But dreams don't put food on the table.

When I was in seventh grade, I stared out the classroom window and saw a school of whales swimming by.

It was a view people fly thousands of miles to see. But for me? That window wasn't an escape.

It was a reminder. A reminder that beyond that ocean, there was something bigger waiting for me—if I had the balls to go get it.

My father worked at a five-star resort for 25 years. It was modern-day servitude—smiling, nodding, catering to the world's elite, knowing that one wrong move could get him tossed out like garbage. No pension. No security. Just a cheap watch and a handshake on his last day.

I watched that happen. And I decided, that will never be me.

From the age of ten, I knew I had to win at the game of money.

I started where most broke kids do—hustling.

Flipping textbooks in high school. Running a window-cleaning business in college. Selling hoodies online until the business hit six figures... and then crashed because I didn't know how to sustain it.

Then I found copywriting.

A skill that let me **print money with words**.

I started on Elance for \$10 an hour, writing anything people would pay me for. I clawed my way up.

And yeah, I went on to write for some of the biggest names in the industry—Tony Robbins, Ramit Sethi, Neil Patel, Agora.

That's what I used to tell people when they asked what I did.

But I don't give a fuck about any of that anymore.

For too long, I measured my success by other people's names. By the people I worked for. By the validation of being in their orbit.

But I'm Anton Motherfucking Volney.

This is Permission to Be Motherfucking Powerful.

And I don't need anyone else's stamp of approval.

The success markers I once clung to? They mean nothing to me now.

Because I know my message has value. I know the **power** of what I have to say. And **that's all that matters.**

So if you're here for more copywriting tips, more "how to land clients" bullshit—this ain't that.

I've outgrown that game.

This is about owning your power.

Standing on your own two feet and creating your own name.

Not because someone else recognizes you.

Not because you worked for the right people.

But because you decided—no one owns you.

Until next time,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink. The signature appears to read "Anton Vanev". It features long, sweeping horizontal strokes that extend far to the left and right, framing the name. The letters are written in a cursive, fluid style.

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist.



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